

HOW TO BE A FOREIGNER

—Henry Rago

THE
Commonweal

Christian Democracy Today

by **Michael P. Fogarty**

**The Puerto Ricans
Come to Youngstown**

by **Joseph E. Koch**



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THIS WEEK

Week by Week	3
Christian Democracy Today by Michael P. Fogarty	7
The Puerto Ricans Come to Youngstown by Joseph E. Koch	9
The Stage by Richard Hayes	12
The Screen by Philip T. Hartung	12
Communications	14
How To Be a Foreigner by Henry Rago	15
Book Reviews	17

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THE Commonweal

week by week

THE NEW PURITANISM

JOSEPH C. Harsch, the distinguished foreign correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, observed in Europe this summer "the phenomenon of Europe's extraordinary inclination . . . to see America in a dark image which Europe labels 'McCarthyism,' but which bears no traceable resemblance to what an American sees in his own country." Disturbed by this inclination he felt obliged, when he returned home, "to attempt to discern what the discussion is really all about and to discover the real nature of the phenomenon which has assumed in [Europeans'] eyes the proportions of an embryonic American Hitler."

The attempt at discernment is a series of five columns published in the *Monitor* last month under the title "Exercise in Attempted Reconciliation." In these short pieces Mr. Harsch makes an effort to "think into" the question of the real nature of what Europeans call 'McCarthyism' and what to them seems evidence that America is headed down the slippery path to totalitarian dictatorship." He observes that if there is indeed a "change in America it does not yet show up in violent or radical form" and asks, therefore, what is actually happening here "that seems so radical and violent when communicated across the Atlantic."

His answer to the question is that America is experiencing today not the rise of a native fascism but rather "a change in public mood which can most easily be described as a revival of Puritanism." (By "Puritanism" Mr. Harsch means an ideological certainty which demands rigid conformity and which approaches intolerance.") This change, he believes, is a logical and inevitable reaction to the excessive non-conformity tolerated in the United States during the New Deal era.

At the present, he says, the scale of values has been reversed and "America has exhausted its willingness to tolerate extreme divergence from the normal or average." The time of conformity, of pure partisanship, of one-hundred per cent "Americanism"—in short, of the new Puritanism—is thus upon us. And since "every society commits its

characteristic extravagances, because a society tolerates its own particular qualities in exaggerated form," America today tolerates McCarthyism.

McCarthy, according to Mr. Harsch, is the "extravagance" of the new Puritanism in American life. He is riding the wave of the present. But he did not "create" that present; he is merely "using" it. His prominence and influence would have been impossible in a more liberal era; they are inevitable today.

The divergence between the United States and Europe caused by the new Puritanism is seen graphically, Mr. Harsch believes, within the frontiers of the Church. The American Catholic "intellectuals," he says, "led by the magazine *Commonweal*, are openly and vigorously anti-McCarthy, and anti-Puritan," but "these 'intellectuals' would hardly seem to be the dominant element in American Catholicism." The dominant element is, rather, a Puritan one, for whom Senator McCarthy, though not a spokesman, is certainly a champion. The overwhelming majority of Catholics in Europe, however, feel no Puritan inclinations and "are as baffled by the American Puritanism which sustains Senator McCarthy as are the [European] Protestants."

"The first essential step toward a reconciliation of America with its Western European allies," Mr. Harsch therefore concludes, "is a mutual recognition and acceptance of the twin facts that Puritanism cannot exist in today's Western Europe but must exist in post-New Deal America."

IT has been said that if McCarthy did not exist the Communists would have had to invent him, for he has provided them with the perfect propaganda weapon for use against the United States. We think it can be said with equal justice that if McCarthy did not exist "McCarthyism" still would.

Through an accident of history a phenomenon peculiar to American life in the 1950's has come to bear the Senator's name. In giving this phenomenon a more proper name, Mr. Harsch has

placed both McCarthy and the ism which bears his name in their proper context. For McCarthyism is indeed the *reductio ad absurdum* of a movement much larger than McCarthy.

The European reaction to this larger movement—the new Puritanism—has been, as Mr. Harsch points out, a “distorted, exaggerated, alarmist and alarming caricature of America.” The talk—in some of the “best” European circles—of a reign of terror gripping the United States has been more hysterical than the worst excesses of hysteria here. And it has been more reprehensible too, for it has been the talk, in many instances, of the “wise” while the excesses in this country have been largely the mischief of the foolish.

But, no matter how inevitable and understandable a historical phenomenon may be, the duty to warn against its excesses is not thereby diminished. The excessive tolerance of non-conformity in the New Deal era may have aided Communists infiltration. The desire for rigid conformity in the new Puritan era has led to Senator McCarthy.

Though there is no real threat of a “reign of terror” or a totalitarian dictatorship in the United States today, there is the danger of a creeping McCarthyism. And so though we may, however reluctantly, have to live with the new Puritanism, we cannot begin to condone its excesses. If we do, the nightmare of a McCarthyite America, now haunting Europe, may some day become a reality.

ON AGAIN, OFF AGAIN

THE struggle which rages around the person of Dwight D. Eisenhower on the subject of foreign policy was thrown into sharp focus by the events attending his recent speech in Boston. For

NEXT WEEK

KARL STERN writes about the Kinsey Reports.

“If someone, perhaps quite unconsciously and quite unintentionally, attempted to set the stage for a dehumanized, de-personalized society, for the great beehive—he would start with things like the Kinsey report. The human person, sacred in its dignity, mysteriously elevated above the biological when it comes to Love and Freedom, has to be treated *as if* it were nothing but one digit within a vast biological frame of references. . . . Many seem to think that, as long as we shall not have the reign of the Commissar, nothing can go essentially wrong with us. Actually, there are many ways in which Man can be de-faced.”

one thing, many non-Republicans were much taken with his speech, although they may have had a hard time trying to detect much similarity between Mr. Eisenhower’s description of the GOP and the actual day-to-day operations of his party in Congress. Correspondingly, many signed, sealed and registered Republicans indignantly protested that the party he described was not the Grand Old Party to which they paid allegiance, and David Lawrence suggested that the White House needed either a new ghost writer or a course in practical politics.

To those who are called internationalists, the President’s talk was real meat, since he was apparently announcing that defense cuts and tax reduction would have to be postponed in view of the recently disclosed Russian possession of the H-bomb. “We know the enemies of freedom to be equipped with the most terrible weapons of destruction,” Mr. Eisenhower said. “We know, then, that we can meet them only with one answer: there is no sacrifice—no labor, no tax, no service—too hard for us to bear to support a logical and necessary defense of our freedom.”

But hardly had Mr. Eisenhower finished speaking when the explanations and interpretations began. The President’s talk was not, these analysts insisted, what it seemed. Mr. Eisenhower was not laying down a specific course of action for the immediate future; he was merely enunciating a general truth. And evidently these interpretations represent the correct Administration line. The next day Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, after conferring with President Eisenhower, assured a convention of the nation’s bankers that the end of the year will spell finish for the excess profits tax and will bring a ten per cent cut in income tax. Shortly afterward, Emmet Hughes, reportedly the author of the Boston speech, resigned for what were described as “personal reasons.”

Despite these facts, it is probably still true that the Administration is worried about Soviet possession of the H-bomb. But, from all appearances, those forces inside the Administration which believe in frightening the Russians to death with a balanced budget have again prevailed.

DEVALUATING POINT FOUR

STREAMLINED management is fine and economizing is even better, but their effect on the American government’s Point Four program is coming to look like the effect of feeding high-octane gasoline to a draft horse.

The Point Four program is almost five years old. It has spent 399 million dollars (added to

490 million put up by the governments receiving Point Four assistance) on such projects as growing grass on Jordan deserts and improving farm techniques in India. The results have not been any more sudden or magnificent than the result of planting a seed is sudden or magnificent. But competent observers feel that the good will gathered has outweighed that created for the United States by any other foreign operation.

All of this is brought out by a series of reports in the *New York Times*, which tell of the effect on Point Four of the merger of that agency with MSA in the new Foreign Operations Administration. From now on, Point Four will be operated by the same agency which will administer our cold war military and economic assistance programs. Already overburdened religious and philanthropic organizations will be asked to take over much of the Point Four work.

The result of this merger, no matter how admirable its purpose, is to work a material change in the nature of Point Four. As Point Four will administratively be tied in with the cold war effort, the former practice of asking no concessions from the beneficiary nations will have to be abandoned. A nation which accepts Point Four will necessarily be directly associating itself with the cold war. Old agreements, to which no strings were attached, are in jeopardy. And consequently, the small Asian and Mediterranean governments are going to lose some of their enthusiasm for what has in the past been a humanitarian effort.

This change has also had its effect in Washington. Almost the entire top policy planning and legal staffs of Point Four have either resigned or been dismissed, and, according to the *Times*, morale in the agency is low. It is felt that Point Four is, putting it bluntly, being killed.

The point at issue is whether or not the American government is to continue to go in for humanitarianism on a world-wide scale. If we are interested in helping the backward and the poor only in so far as they help us in the cold war, then the present changes are in order. If, on the other hand, we can see value and meaning and our own ultimate self-interest in disinterested help for those who need help, then the Point Four program, in its old framework, is the best and most economic way yet found for accomplishing our purpose.

CRISIS AT FRIENDSHIP HOUSE

FEW Catholics have taken the plight of the American Negro so much to heart as the lay volunteers who conduct Friendship Houses in several

American cities. They have been eminently successful in making the problems of each Negro neighborhood their own. By going to live in these imposed ghettos in the midst of poverty and squalor, they have spoken out against segregation with a force beyond the power of mere words.

This policy of presence has enabled them to supply both food and counsel. It has set them at investigating slum dwellings and exorbitant rents at first hand, working directly to break down discrimination in employment, providing library and recreational facilities that keep young and adolescent children off city streets. Their first-hand knowledge proves invaluable when it comes to demanding better living conditions and spreading the Christian principle of interracial justice.

Friendship House of Harlem, the first of these neighborhood houses, was founded by the Baroness de Hueck fifteen years ago. Its program has been carried on through a very modest budget. Each member of the staff gets food and lodging and when possible five dollars a month for pin money. Somehow the necessary funds unfailingly have materialized—for rent, light, telephone, stationery, food, grocery orders for needy families. When supporters of the movement and readers of the monthly *Catholic Interracialist* fail to provide, a mail appeal is issued.

But Friendship House of Harlem now finds itself down to its last eighteen cents. It lacks the postage money to send out an appeal. Because of back rent of five hundred dollars it is threatened with eviction from the heart of Harlem within a very few days. For lack of another six hundred dollars, due since June 30, it stands to lose a small farm up the Hudson, where it cared for some forty needy children this summer. The bills at the grocer's have piled up to the point that Friendship House will no longer be able to issue grocery orders to families who apply to it for aid. There are several hundred dollars due for incidentals—an urgent need of fifteen hundred dollars in all.

What makes this crisis all the more disturbing now is that a number of families in this crowded Harlem neighborhood have just been evicted to make way for a new middle-income housing development between Fifth and Lenox Avenues and 132nd and 135th Streets. The workers of Friendship House need to be relieved of anxieties about the survival of their own headquarters so that they may devote full time and energy to the desperate task of finding new quarters for evicted neighborhood families. We wholeheartedly commend this cause to our readers; donations should be sent posthaste to Friendship House, 43 West 135 St., New York, N. Y.

ONLY YESTERDAY

WHEN I was growing up, almost everybody was an isolationist. The word itself was still respectable; no one minded being called an isolationist. The actual idea went almost universally unchallenged. We thought supreme political wisdom lay in America's minding her own business and letting other countries stew in their own juice. Europe was a place where petty rivalries and ancient hatreds were forever stirring up wars, and European diplomats were shifty fellows who were always trying to get Americans mixed up in their quarrels.

This, above all, was at the bottom of our political thinking. We were the children of World War I veterans and our fathers were thoroughly cynical about their recent efforts to "save the world for democracy." Eddie Cantor used to have a song that summed up the popular sentiment: "Let 'Em Keep It Over There," he sang almost every week on his popular Sunday night radio show. To sing the song was as sure-fire as waving the flag or praising mother.

That's the way it was. We hated war and suspected that Europeans didn't. Even after the rise of fascist aggression we did everything we could to rationalize our neutralist position. We talked about the inequities of the Versailles treaty and searched for reasons why Hitler's demands might be justified. We reviewed the past sins of the British Empire and talked about them and the present sins of the fascist regimes with equal horror. Tweedle-dum, tweedle-dee, we said. We were intent on sitting it out while the European powers destroyed each other.

The tweedle-dum, tweedle-dee argument did not remain persuasive long. Eventually, all but a few die-hard Anglophobes admitted that decent men belonged on the side of Great Britain—at least as far as giving moral support went. Actual material help, it was argued, would involve the U. S. in another 'foreign war,' and that was to be avoided at any cost.

Then came a growing awareness that the fate of all free men was clearly involved in the struggle against Hitlerism. There was a big hassle about lend-lease, but we settled on it finally as a way of aiding the Allies without actually getting into the messy business of carrying on a war ourselves. It was about this time that the distinguished head of a great university suggested that though Americans should realize beleaguered Britain was fighting the battle of civilization alone against organized, aggressive barbarity, still we should do nothing that would involve us in actual fighting. The educator argued on a lofty level that satisfied both isolationists and moralists. America should remain a citadel of civilization, he held, so that when the war was over there would be at least

one untouched place in the world which had guarded the traditions of peace. That sounded good—and even moral. It meant we wouldn't get drafted, maybe even killed, while at the same time we were doing our part.

My point is that we Americans inched our way from isolationism, step by step, with a long delay between each step while we rationalized a morally impossible position. At first we affected a kind of moral superiority ("Europeans have only themselves to blame; why should we get involved in their quarrels?"). At the same time we took comfort in a kind of mindless pacifism with its facile slogans ("There never was a good war or a bad peace"). We even assumed a kind of moralistic detachment ("Isn't it better for us to act as peacemakers in the world and prepare the ground for ultimate cooperation between the nations?"). Finally events led us to the point where we agreed that the United States should be the arsenal of democracy. But there was no good reason, we argued, why our boys should be sent overseas. (Canny Winston Churchill played along with this bit of self-illusion.) Actually we held on to isolationism as long as possible and gave it up reluctantly, like children surrendering their belief in Santa Claus.

Why? Because we didn't like war. We didn't like the price that all-out war would inevitably demand of us, and that we eventually paid. During those years, I think, we had an even more general dread of war than we have today. Now after one great war and a bloody "police action," we are rather used to the idea of war's being a possibility. But then we didn't want to do anything, say anything or involve ourselves in anything that might conceivably lead to war. We even avoided taking the very steps that might have prevented war—a strengthening of the League of Nations, a firm stand against initial aggressions, national rearmament, etc.—not because we were unwilling to work for peace but because we feared that this kind of work for peace would get us too involved in a world where war was always a possibility.

Now, strangely enough, Americans probably have a less lively fear of war than most other peoples. Throughout most of the world people have hardly recovered from the horror of the last war. Above all, they are intent on avoiding another conflagration. When we catch them in political rationalizations, find them flirting with neutrality or watching the U. S. with an eagle eye out for failings which they can match with the clear evil in Communism; when we lose patience with them because they do not seem to see what is so clear to us, we might be more tolerant if we would recall our own recent past.

JOHN COGLEY.

Christian Democracy Today

THE RELIGIOUS-INSPIRED PARTIES HAVE NEGLECTED THE MOST SPECIFICALLY CHRISTIAN PART OF THEIR PROGRAM.

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

MY former colleagues at Nuffield College, Oxford, have specialized since the war in surveys of the British general elections. When you have lived a few years among the mountains of newspapers and election addresses—ears glued to the radio, the whirl of calculating machines, and the grinding of the gears of departing investigators, all adding up to a few ridiculous mice of conclusions, to be interpreted one way at Transport House and another at the Conservative Central Office—you are no longer as sure as you were of your ability to say why an election was won or lost. Therefore I am not joining in any more guesses as to why Christian Democracy has won power in Germany and half lost it in Italy.

I dare say that very often similar causes in the two countries have had opposite effects. Gunnar Kumlien has pointed out in these columns that one factor in the Italian election was the doubt felt even by many solid Catholics about the excessive involvement of the Church in party politics, notably via Professor Luigi Gedda's Civic Committees. Often the easiest way to pick out a convent in an Italian town is to see which building has the most *Democrazia Cristiana* posters plastered on its gates. When you visit the Catacombs of Saint Sebastian in Rome, the door on the left of the basilica reads "Catacombs," that on the right "Civic Committee." Professor Gedda would no doubt say that one must choose one or the other: Christian political action in favor—in effect—of one political party, or else Communism and the catacombs. Others seem to have concluded rather that those who go in the door of direct involvement of Church and Party are liable to come out in a world where both alike find themselves driven underground.

And yet, surely this factor should have counted also in Germany? There has been plenty of intervention by the clergy in favor of the Christian Democratic Union and its allies. The press service of the Catholic Committees of the Cologne Archdiocese has published a healthy collection of such statements. And a political sermon in Germany can be a ponderous and a sulphurous thing, whereas the interventions of Italian Catholic

Mr. Fogarty, who is now professor of Industrial Relations at the University of Cardiff, Wales, has long been active in the Catholic social movement in England.

Action at least have lightness and wit. Professor Gedda's own first organizing exploit was to unite the youth of his home town of Casale in a Red Indian tribe, which he later brought over to Catholic Action *en bloc*. He has never quite lost that Don Camillo touch.

But let us leave these speculations and consider instead the fact that, win or lose, the Christian Democrats of Italy and Germany have done so because or in spite of neglecting the most specifically Christian part of their program. I do not mean that there is such a thing as a specifically Christian political program. There are only good programs and bad programs, and the best are those which draw most freely on the good points of the rest. The most valuable characteristic of the programs of Christian Democracy is in fact that they do not so much differ from those of other parties as synthesize them. They are liberal, socialist, and conservative all at once, to say nothing of syndicalist and anarchist. They belong, as the theoreticians of Christian Democracy are never tired of pointing out, essentially to the Center; a little to the left, or a little to the right, but always essentially to the area where the lines meet. A party like the *Democrazia Cristiana* manages to maintain law and order, stability, and traditional values, with the conservatives. With the liberals, it calls on the forces of free enterprise to raise production to continually new heights. And it also achieves such fine pieces of socialist planning as that which has lined the Via Aurelia for a hundred miles north of Rome with neat, well-built new farms on state-reclaimed land.

BUT, within this general synthesis, there is an element to which Christian thinkers have specially contributed. It is the element of human relations, a federation, or, if one prefers an old-fashioned word, the corporative element: that concerned with the family, the local community, the firm, and the organized professions. But the absence of this strikes one in Germany and Italy. Indeed, what strikes one is its increasing absence. Compare, for instance, Guido Gonella's speech of 1946, which became the official program of Italian Christian Democracy, with his equally official political report at

the Fourth Party Congress in November, 1952. The atmosphere changes completely, with the human relations, federative elements drastically played down. In Germany the Christian Democratic Union's Ahlen Program of 1947 still called for wide measures of industrial self-government and corporative organization. By 1949 its Dusseldorf Principles ruled firmly that there was no place for the administration of industry by the government, by self-government, or by anything other than the more or less socially-guided market.

The idea of the firm as a community, of workers' participation in policy-making, is far less alive in Italy today than it was five or six years ago. It has been partly translated into practice in Germany, but in a form deliberately designed by its socialist authors to prevent—by bringing in outsiders—what they regard as excessive loyalty to the firm. Neither Germany nor Italy has achieved anything as advanced as the Dutch statutory professional organization. Their family movements are a pale shadow of that of France. And the program of administrative decentralization and regionalism on which Italian Christian Democracy has always laid such stress has been put into practice with much more discretion than valor.

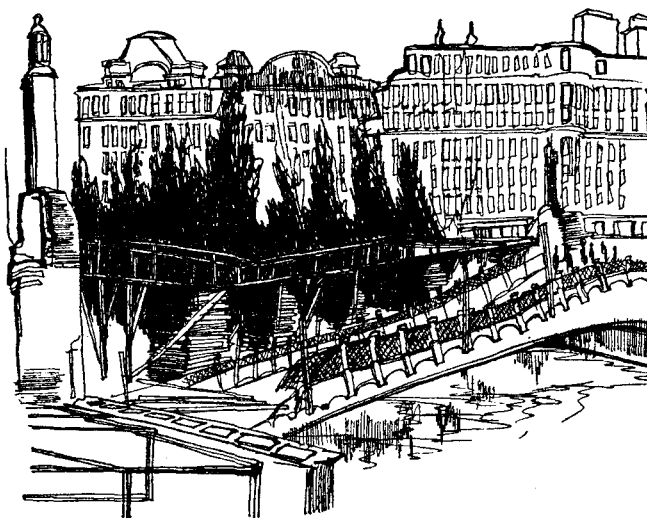
WHY this apparent neglect of the most prominent single asset of the Christian social tradition, and one as strongly emphasized by the present Pope as by his predecessors? "The principal part of the encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*," said Pius XII last year, is that which "contains . . . the idea of the corporative professional organization of the economy as a whole." Nothing could be clearer than that. Then why the delay?

One defense, and a very good one, is, of course, that in the circumstances of the last few years other questions have had priority. Ideally one should be able to pursue law and order, higher production, and better human relations as well. In practice, it is difficult to do everything at once. People must eat, and work, and have houses, and in war-devastated Germany and Italy these things have had to come first. And it might not have been so easy to maintain law and order in Italy if left-controlled regional or local authorities had been given their heads too soon.

A second reason, particularly in Italy, has been the appalling immaturity of much "corporative" thought. An effort was made two or three years ago to revive interest in this type of thinking. A volume appeared, with articles from twenty-odd authors, under the title *Towards a Democratic Corporatism*. Its most striking feature was an almost complete lack of contact with current reality. It did indeed try to refute prejudice left over from the perversion of the corporative idea under fascism. But, in a country engaged in one of the most striking and in many ways successful applications of

liberal economics attempted anywhere since the war, it made no serious effort to work out the relative spheres, as means of social control, of competition and the administered economy. It nowhere faced the fact that one of the main pillars of professional organization in Italian industry would have to be the Communist-controlled majority of the trade unions. In fact, I am not sure that it mentioned the Communist unions at all. Nor did it deal with the objections of the Christian, socialist, and republican trade union minorities to any rigid legal framework which would prevent the flexible adjustment of power relations as their strength grew.

Towards a Democratic Corporatism might have done as a start, and was intended to do so. But nothing much seems to have followed from it. Perhaps that is a sign of general weakness in social thought among Italian Catholics, not simply in this strand of it. It is certainly surprising how hard it is, in a country with a fiercely liberal economic policy, extensive monopolies, and the



largest and most rickety socialized sector west of the Iron Curtain, to find a coherent conception of the duties of a nationalized corporation, or of an anti-trust policy.

The leaders of the Union of Christian Employers and Managers are having to campaign hard, not to promote workers' participation or even to improve personnel management, but simply to convince the members that a problem of personnel management exists. One becomes very conscious in Italy of how often these questions are discussed by lawyers in terms of their own art, with only an indirect and inadequate reference to the social facts beneath. That was obvious, for instance, in many of the papers of the session of the Italian Catholic Social Week which discussed professional organization.

Finally, the directives received from the highest places in the Church have sometimes achieved in these matters a clarity equal to that of the Delphic Oracle. Maybe the obscurity is not so great as it is made out to be. In the

much disputed matter of professional organization and workers' control, for example, the International Union of Social Studies (the Union of Malines) recently approved a statement drafted by Msgr. Brys, of the Belgian Christian Workers' Movement, in which the lines seemed reasonably disentangled, if only to show how very much more repair and experiment are needed before definite conclusions can be reached. But it is not so serious since that very issue was confused enough to reduce such mighty theologians as Fathers Nell-Breuning and Gundlach, S.J., to a head-on collision in the public press. And when the mighty are ensnared in this way it is a little too much to expect the ordinary businessman and trade unionist to keep straight.

LET it be agreed, then, that there are good reasons why Italian and German Christian-Democrats have moved slowly on the corporatist-federalist road. Also, that this has probably not done them much electoral harm. The issues on which their elections have been won

or lost are more likely to have been those with more immediate priority; jobs, incomes, international politics. But the fact still remains that what Christian Democracy in these countries has done up to now is to show its skill in synthesizing those elements in politics which have been developed mainly outside its own tradition. It has proved that it can play the liberal, the socialist, or the conservative game—or better still, all three together—as well as or better than these groups themselves. But it has not yet tackled the most specifically Christian aspects of the reform of the structure of society.

I dare say there can be no hurry over this. The Dutch experiment in professional organization, for instance, is the fruit of two generations of gradually growing collaboration between the various employers' and workers' movements. But there is all the more reason, in that case, for setting a hand to the plow at once. Now that the first urgency of reconstruction and consolidation in Germany and Italy is over, we wait with interest to see how far and how fast the Christian Democratic Parties move to fill the remaining gap.

PLANNED INTEGRATION

The Puerto Ricans Come to Youngstown

JOSEPH E. KOCH

THE publicity devoted to the phenomenal influx of Puerto Ricans to New York City during the last decade, with all the social problems consequent to such a mass migration, has tended to obscure the fact that other communities across the nation are becoming terminal points for Puerto Rican migrants, and are encountering the same social problems, although on a reduced scale. Recent surveys indicate that every state in the Union now numbers Puerto Ricans among its citizens, and suggest that Puerto Ricans will continue to leave their island in search of better job opportunities for some time to come.

In the autumn of 1951, the city of Youngstown suddenly awoke to the realization that beneath its Bessemer flame-streaked skies there now resided two or three thousand citizens of Puerto Rican origin, unable to speak English, crammed into already congested slums, ready victims for exploitation by the unscrupulous. The lure of jobs with good pay in the iron and steel industry of this city of 170,000, which is harassed by an acute labor shortage, has been the chief factor leading Puerto Ricans

to make Youngstown their home. Traditionally the hot, dirty work entailed in the production of iron and steel has been the lot of the latest arrivals. With the erection of effective barriers against immigration and the cessation of mass migration from the South, Puerto Rico seems to be the last available source of workers desperate enough to accept the undesirable jobs. What investigation has been possible reveals that there is no exploitation of Puerto Rican workers on the part of employers. The United Steel Workers of America, CIO, has utilized Spanish-speaking organizers, and the Puerto Rican steel worker enjoys the same protection as his fellow-workers.

The presence of this new ethnic element did not reveal itself to everyone with the same dramatic suddenness as to the veteran who, upon presenting his application for a job at a local steel mill, was told that the only available opening at the moment was in the labor gang, and that he would hardly care for that job since he couldn't speak Spanish. The "*Se habla espanol aqui*" sign in the window of the enterprising merchant, the gatherings of swarthy little men on the street corners, the serenader leaning out of the window with his guitar, the stranger at the neighborhood tavern whose only Eng-

Father Koch is director of Catholic Charities in the diocese of Youngstown, Ohio.

OCTOBER 9, 1953 9

lish was "beer," soon had everybody excitedly discussing the Puerto Ricans and the consequences of their presence.

Unthinking people, infected with the suspicion that a swarthy complexion equals viciousness, depravity and criminality, uttered rash statements which the subsequent record of friendliness and good citizenship on the part of Puerto Ricans must often have given them cause to regret. There has not been any alarming increase in delinquency during the past two years, nor do Latin names frequently appear in local crime news. Occasionally a Puerto Rican boy drinks too much, and rugged individualism at the wheel of a car has frequently involved Puerto Ricans with the traffic courts, but then anybody who has any knowledge of the anarchy of Latin American streets will realize that the conditioning factors of early environment must share the guilt.

FOR Youngstown, with its forty-five or fifty different nationalities from all parts of the world, the presence of a "foreign-looking," strange-tongued clan on its streets is familiar enough. The same pattern of passive indifference to, and positive exploitation of, the latest arrivals in the past has prevailed here as elsewhere. This time, however, a more mature concept of the requirements of social justice and social charity by an increasing minority, necessarily demanded that an attempt must be made to alter that dismal pattern.

An investigation conducted by the diocesan weekly, the *Youngstown Catholic Exponent*, revealed clear exploitation of Puerto Rican migrants. A series of exploratory conferences on the part of the Council of Social Agencies and the political authorities of the community indicated the need for some immediate positive program. Since the entire problem had its genesis in the rapid expansion of the steel industry to meet the needs of the national defense program, Bishop Emmet M. Walsh, of the Diocese of Youngstown, extended an invitation to National Catholic Community Service, an agency of the United Community Defense Services, to consider undertaking a program in Youngstown for the benefit of its Puerto Rican defense workers.

Subsequent to a preliminary survey of the local situation, and with the endorsement of the local Community Chest and the Council of Social Agencies, NCCS moved into Youngstown and established a social recreation Center for Puerto Ricans in August of 1952. A large building, purchased by the Youngstown Particular Council of the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul, was provided for the Center, on a rent-free basis, with Catholic Charities assuming the cost of renovating and furnishing the building.

The Youngstown Puerto Rican Social Recreation Center is an attractive, well-furnished building with a ground floor lounge, snack bar, and office, and a rec-

reation room in the basement. It is equipped with television, radio-phonograph, ping-pong, table games, books and magazines, etc., with all its facilities available seven days a week from 10:00 A.M. to 10:00 P.M. The director of the Center, a citizen of Havana, Cuba, is pre-eminently qualified for the position by reason of an excellent background, a sympathetic knowledge and understanding of Latin peoples and their problems, and enthusiastic devotion to the success of the project. An assistant director and a secretary-receptionist ably assist him in the operation of the Center.

A competent Citizens' Advisory Board, representative of the major segments of the community, guides the policies of the project. It has been a policy of the Center to associate as many community leaders as possible with the program—the mayor, chief of police, municipal and county judges, county commissioners, men of management and labor. The composition of the Board, with Protestant, Catholic and Jewish members, Negro and white, reflects the Center's policy of non-sectarianism and non-segregation.



Finding housing has been, and still is, the most difficult obstacle encountered by the Puerto Rican who arrives in Youngstown. The 1950 Census of Housing reported that the available vacant dwelling units in the city of Youngstown numbered 270, or 0.6%. An "available" vacant unit is a "non-seasonal, not dilapidated vacancy which is being offered for rent or sale." A more recent report of the Area Rent Office reveals that the acute housing shortage has not been remedied. Mix several thousand Puerto Ricans with this already appalling situation, and then eliminate the ceiling on rents, and you have a good picture of the local housing problem. The Center conducts a permanent campaign to obtain housing for Puerto Ricans, and has been quite successful in finding living quarters in various parts of the city. Even after the young men have been satisfactorily settled, the problem re-presents itself when they send for their families, as many do.

PICTURE the bewildered Puerto Rican, inundated with documents and forms—employment blanks, hospitalization forms, compensation forms, in-

come tax forms, driving license applications—and it is not difficult to understand that one of the principal services of the Center is that of interpretation and translation. Interpretative services are provided where needed—at the municipal courts, at the hospitals, at the offices of physicians, lawyers, realtors and finance companies. Translations of letters and documents are part of the daily routine at the Center. Many a landlady, in desperation, has asked the staff at the Center to explain the intricacies of the washing machine or the proper method of garbage disposal to her Puerto Rican tenants.

More than fifteen hundred Puerto Ricans have sought counsel and assistance at the Center. If the problem is one that lies within the competence of the community social agencies, the proper referral is made. If the need for spiritual counseling is indicated, the proper priest or minister is contacted. (The Youngstown Diocese has a Spanish-speaking priest devoting his full time to the needs of his citywide Latin congregation.)

All kinds of problems have to be solved. Jose wants to buy a house for his family and complains that the bank has just refused to do business with him because he is a Puerto Rican. "How much money for a down-payment do you have?" "What is a down-payment? They told me that in this country the banks lend you money to buy a house!"

The intricacies of the capitalistic system are a constant trap. Nearly every Puerto Rican wants a car, and it must be a big car, shiny and powerful-looking. Since his funds are usually quite limited, it turns out to be a big car of ancient vintage, like that of the lad who described his 1940 model—"just to start the car, it drinks one gallon!" Disgusted and disillusioned, the Puerto Rican returns to the finance company with the naive expectation of getting his money back. Eventually he arrives at the Center with his grievance and is rewarded with a lesson in the procedures of capitalist economy. Thus armed, he goes forth, a nascent capitalist, and finds another Puerto Rican looking for a big car, shiny and powerful. A local finance company reports that eight successive Puerto Ricans paid off the mortgage on one car.

Two little girls, aged fourteen and nine, arrive at the airport with no one to meet them, and with no money, as the Air Limousine Service discovers after it has deposited them at a downtown hotel. A phone call enlists the services of the Center and before night-fall, two little tear-stained faces break out into smiles as they rush into the arms of Papa, who tomorrow will receive the letter announcing their arrival.

An unknown Puerto Rican dies in the receiving hospital, and but for the intervention of the Center and Catholic Charities which provided him with Christian burial, his body would have been put to the use provided by Ohio Law for such cases. A month later inquiries arrive from the family through the Labor Depart-

ment of the Puerto Rican Government. A distant family now has the consolation of knowing that Pedro has received the Last Rites of the Church and is buried in consecrated ground.

In addition to its case work program, the Center offers an extensive schedule of cultural and recreational activities. The Mahoning Chapter of the American Red Cross has conducted two courses in home nursing at the Center—the first such program in the United States for a non-English speaking group, and the first such successful program for Puerto Rican women anywhere. The Center sponsors a baseball team and a "Camper-ship Program" which enable many of the children to spend a pleasant week at camp. Each month, the Center sponsors some gala affair—a fiesta, complete with roast pig, or a dance, or a party appropriate for the season. At a flag-raising ceremony on February 22nd, a capacity crowd watched Mayor Charles P. Henderson present the key of the city to Youngstown's Puerto Rican citizens, and heard him accompany this goodwill gesture with a speech in his best school-boy Spanish.

It must be admitted that all attempts to conduct classes in English have met with small success. Most of the Puerto Ricans have a rather meager academic tradition and their working hours make regular attendance at the classes almost impossible. Even the most competent instructor is likely to founder against the objection, "That's not the way they talk on the open-hearth floor."

ALTHOUGH the objection has been voiced that this approach to the Puerto Rican problem results in an "undesirable segregation," an acquaintance with the first year's activity at the Center reveals that the precise opposite is more accurate. All of the year's social events have been attended by many non-Puerto Rican friends of the Center. To borrow a word from another context—more "fraternization" has taken place at the Center than in any other place in the city. The Center is not expected to become a permanent part of the city's social welfare pattern; with its objective accomplished, it will have no reason for continued existence.

Irishmen, Germans, Poles, Slovaks, Hungarians, Slovenians, Italians—and now the Puerto Ricans. The history of Youngstown is the saga of peoples whose labors and sufferings generated America and endowed it with its wealth of cultural and human values. The path of the latest immigrant has been traditionally rough and rocky; he has had to make his way through an indifferent and frequently hostile environment—alone. The effort to bring the Puerto Rican to citizenship maturity without subjecting him to the tensions and sufferings endured by his predecessors is an encouraging sign of a greater human understanding and a more lively awareness of democratic values.

THE STAGE

A RED RAINBOW

“YOU will find it more revealing than the Jenner Report,” read the publicity brochure. What Mr. Myron Fagan’s play actually revealed I leave to his psychiatrist. Author of “Jimmie’s Women,” a lecherous success of which I had previously been ignorant, Mr. Fagan will now be remembered, I warrant, as the prophet of a striking new political movement known as Faganism. Faganism is notable in an era of ideologies for the purity and intransigence of its purpose, and I account it a privilege to be among the first permitted to introduce this new philosophy to the American public.

It would be erroneous to assume that Faganism has not sprung out of a response to some deep political unrest. Mr. Fagan (he was the man: he suffered: he was there) attests to the contrary. Only when he had long languished in obscurity did he turn to the composition of “A Red Rainbow,” and then at the suggestion of “high Washington officials” who provided him with “documentary evidence” of the need for Faganism. Did you know, for instance, that it was an “open secret” around Washington that Harry Hopkins had given the atom bomb to the Russians, and that Alger Hiss had been the architect of the UN? FAGAN KNEW! He has shown us just what was going on in a cocktail party which constitutes the second act of “A Red Rainbow.” Here is assembled as scrofulous a crew as Mrs. Mesta never dreamt of in her philosophy. “Open secrets” are floating about among the Martinis with the luxuriant abandon of dispossessed olives. There is the little lady (she had been “palsy-walsy” with Harry Dexter White) whose mate has been handing classified documents to the Russians as casually as if they were Kirkman soap coupons; there is the sinister Hearstling journalist, a jolly WW type, but actually the local “Mr. Moscow” with a nefarious record extending back to the Black Tom explosion; there is a Senator whose son (the little weasel) has sold Pearl Harbor down the river.

Nemesis for all these lowlifers is personified by a bullish police official named—with elephantine delicacy—Inspector Patrick Scanlon. Inspector Scanlon (with Faganism) believes there is just one law for the subversive: “the law of the mad dog.” He is enthusiastically supporting a measure (“the most important bill submitted to Congress in the history of our nation . . . endorsed by every thinking man and woman”) which takes the guesswork out of loyalty: it guarantees that anyone with a questionable association will be considered guilty of treason, automatically invoking the death penalty. I am not quite sure how we are going to dispose of all these lousy subversives, but Faganism will iron out that wrin-

kle. Most of them will probably go on smoldering in their own depravity, until one day they just go up in spontaneous combustion, like the old rag-and-bone man in “Bleak House.”

The evening was, however, rich in subsidiary pleasures. Rarely have I been able to dispose myself physically with so magnificent a disregard for this lady’s elbow or that gentleman’s overwhelming bulk. Scenes of pastoral calm solaced the eye bruised and battered by Times Square; who was there to shatter them? The audience—all sixty-nine of us, comporting ourselves with the surreptitious demeanor of a plumber untimely discovered in Eisenhower’s cabinet—gave itself up to the ministrations of a fleet of flunkies with estimable submissiveness, and it was good to see these worthy folk come into their own. Indeed, one matron (her function seemed equivalent to that of the Grand Marshal at the Coronation) pushed, pulled, snapped, wheedled, whistled, but finally had us arranged in a pleasing aesthetic design throughout the orchestra. This insured silences of equal vibration from all corners of the theatre.

Nor were the interludes deficient in startling occasions of interest. A steady examination of the playbill disclosed the intelligence that one of the performers, Miss Effie Afton, had shown such “unusual gifts” during her “formative years” that Mr. Fagan wrote the present role with her in mind. May she find joy in it! To my satisfaction, I learned that the indispensable telephone had been graciously provided by the New York Telephone Company, and that the deodorizing air purifiers and the Creco Liquid Soap Dispensing System used at the Royale were manufactured by the Creco Company. But I rather think the Creco Company is limiting itself by skulking about down there in the lounge; think of the vast commercial possibilities which exist upstairs! (*Closed at the Royale.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

COLOSSAL

HOLLYWOOD’S newest ammunition to drive television audiences back into the theater is called CinemaScope; and as a panoramic pageant, “The Robe,” the first film to be made in this technique, deserves the praise it has been getting. Shown on a screen sixty-eight feet long and twenty-four feet high, “The Robe” has many magnificent scenes in handsome Technicolor of Jerusalem at the time of Christ and of Rome under Emperor Tiberius and later Caligula. Director Henry Koster takes advantage of CinemaScope’s

wide screen (which gives some illusion of depth, but not as much as Cinerama or standard 3-D) in the exciting scene at Cana when the hero of "The Robe" duels with the centurion who is leading his Roman soldiers against the Christians, and in the stunning and terrifying storm scene after the Crucifixion and also in the thrilling flight from the Praetorian Guards during part of which there are gorgeous shots of four white horses racing toward the audience.

When the film's producer, Frank Ross, bought the screen rights to "The Robe" in 1942 (which was even before Lloyd Douglas finished his novel) CinemaScope and the various other wonders of modern movies were not yet stunning us with their colossal effects. I am sure Mr. Ross was pleased when Darryl Zanuck and Twentieth Century-Fox decided to film "The Robe" in CinemaScope, but I'm not sure that the plot of Douglas' novel works out too well in all this munificence.

"The Robe" is basically the story of a religious conversion: the Roman soldier who actually directed the Crucifixion and then won the robe in a dice game feels personally responsible for the death of Christ. (Strangely enough, except for much hand-washing on the part of Pilate and a brief scene showing Judas after the betrayal, the film does by omission put much of the blame on this Roman.) After a siege of illness during which he is tortured by guilt, the Roman is sent back to Palestine (described as the worst pest-hole in the empire) to destroy the robe and get the names of the followers of Christ.

Richard Burton, who is a good actor with fine diction, plays this lead role impressively. He is surrounded by an outstanding large cast, including Jean Simmons as the beautiful, aloof ward of the Emperor who loves the Roman tribune and is willing to follow him into Christianity and to death; Michael Rennie effectively underplays Peter, "the Big Fisherman"; Jay Robinson throws himself into the role of half-mad Caligula. Victor Mature, usually maligned as a screen actor, comes through among the best in "The Robe." Portraying a Greek slave bought by the film's hero and taken to Palestine, Mature gives his role as one of the first Christian converts the vitality this wide-screen medium needs.

It must be said to the credit of the makers of "The Robe" that the scenes showing Christ are handled with great dignity. The whole picture, in fact, is done with reserve and good taste. The script, which Philip Dunne wrote from the adaptation Gina Kaus made from the book, has a subdued sincerity appropriate to the conversion theme. It is hardly the fault of the actors that the theme is so lacking in dramatic intensity and emotion in "The Robe." The picture's two most moving scenes are built around Saint Peter—when he tells the guilt-ridden Roman tribune how he himself denied Our Lord, and when he heals the body of the Greek slave tortured by the wicked Caligula.

such a capable group of actors at his disposal and with such worthy subject matter must be laid to lack of familiarity with the techniques involved in production for the new wide screen. While the stereophonic sound effects, which come from appropriate parts of the theater, are good, they are used too often in "The Robe" as a substitute for dramatic action; and several times the heavenly chorus practically blasts you out of your seat. No doubt the next picture in CinemaScope will take advantage of the lessons learned in this first production. "The Robe," for all its shortcomings, will stand as a milestone in cinema history.

FOR moviegoers who like their films simple and in old-fashioned black-and-white, but still want them to pack a wallop, there's "Little Boy Lost," which fills all requirements. Expertly directed and written by George Seaton (from the novel by Marghanita Laski) it tells the story of an American war correspondent who refuses to believe in the death of his French wife during the Nazi occupation and returns to France in 1948 to search for his seven-year-old son, whom he does not know. Helped by a friend (Claude Dauphin) and the Tracing Service, he is led to a laundress (played by Georgette Anys, who seems right out of *A Tale of Two Cities*). The laundress tells about a baby she took to a nearby orphanage. Here the Mother Superior (Gabrielle Dorziat) suggests that the skinny sad-looking youngster who had been left with her ("He's anemic, but fortunately hasn't tuberculosis") could be the son of the American.

Then begins the moving drama between the man and the child: the man has to learn that conceit is often confused with parental instinct and has to learn to accept the reality of his wife's death as well as to learn to accept the boy for himself and not merely as a link with the past; and the child, who was taught, like all these children during the Occupation, to lie with charming innocence, has so much to learn that it doesn't seem possible that he can do it even to gain an American father.

Bing Crosby turns in the finest performance of his crowded career as the good but proud and often mistaken man who is told off effectively by the Mother Superior. "Before you find your son, I hope you find yourself," she tells him, and then, "There's only one time for love and goodness and kindness—and that's now." Christian Fourcade is winning as the little boy. Credit should go to William Perlberg for his fine production, most of which was photographed in France, to Seaton for his psychologically sound script and stirring direction of Crosby and the supporting cast, all of whom are French.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OCTOBER 9, 1953

13

COMMUNICATIONS

THE HEARN'S STRIKE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: My attention has been called to an article entitled "The Hearn's Strike," which appeared in the July 17 issue of *The Commonweal*.

Though the article attempts to justify the strike and to establish that the union is not under Communist control, it appears to be predicated on a mass of inaccuracies inspired by union propaganda. As this matter is now in the Courts and before the National Labor Relations Board, it is not my purpose in this letter to argue the merits of our case. I wish merely to point out some of the inaccuracies so that your readers may more intelligently appraise the facts.

For instance, the article states that Mr. Greenfield bought the stores "about four years ago and began to cut down the staff. He laid off twelve hundred employees, reducing the staff from two thousand to eight hundred." This is untrue. There were not two thousand employees in the 14th Street and Bronx stores four years ago, and . . . an article in *Union Voice* (the union's own sheet) of March 27, 1949 proves through the union's own statement that there were not more than 1399 employees. It is clear, therefore, that twelve hundred employees could not have been laid off at any time. What layoffs there were did not start until the latter part of 1952, and from that time until the spring of 1953, the staff was reduced from approximately 1200 to some 835.

Again, "Osman and DPOW negotiators did not oppose the additional lay-offs, but balked at Greenfield's demand that he be allowed to lay-off without regard to length of service." This is straight union propaganda and was proven completely false from the very beginning. When self-service was initiated in September, the union began to sabotage the effort and actually pulled a protest strike on April 6 in the Bronx store, even though every single employee lay-off was in strict accordance with seniority. This has been proven before the Courts of New York State, the NLRB, and elsewhere. The personnel records are still available.

Then the article says, "They also balked at his demand to lower the minimum wage from thirty-eight dollars to thirty." This is absolutely untrue and was never suggested at any time. I don't recall even the union ever publishing such a charge in its prejudiced public utterances, and it is obviously a figment of the author's imagination.

And so it goes. In almost every line the author is either totally uninformed, inaccurate, or is intentionally spreading false propaganda. Many other portions of the article could be cited to illustrate this fact. It could be noted that since the article was published Osman and

his associates again refused to deny under oath that they were Communists. However, we think that the above will demonstrate to any fair-minded reader that Hearn's, and in particular, Mr. Greenfield, has been done a tremendous injustice.

Aside from the company versus union issue, we feel very strongly that no Catholic publication should allow its pages to be used for malicious slander against an individual whose entire life has been devoted to liberal, humanitarian and charitable causes both in public and in business affairs. He has given generously of his time, energy, influence and personal income to Catholic, Protestant and Jewish institutions. It should be remembered that he is one of the few non-Catholic Americans to have been named a Commander of the Order of Pope Pius IX.

In the spirit of fairness, we ask that you give part of the space allocated to Mr. Cort so that this letter may also be read by your subscribers.

CLEMENT V. CONOLE,
President,
Hearn Department Stores, Inc.

My article was based on information supplied to me by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, which investigated both sides of the Hearn's strike and talked to both union and management representatives. I have read Mr. Conole's letter to William Michelson, organizational director of the DPOW, and received the following comments:

There were originally two thousand employees at Hearn's, but many of these were laid off in the months immediately preceding Mr. Greenfield's purchase of the store. (My statement, based on a misinterpretation of this fact, was inaccurate and I am sorry for it.)

With minor exceptions the lay-offs by Greenfield were in accordance with seniority, but it is absolutely true that he demanded that he be allowed to lay off one hundred and fifty to two hundred elderly employees without regard to seniority. And this was a major issue of the strike.

The April 6 strike happened as follows: on April 4 Greenfield laid off forty employees and paid them no severance pay, in violation of the contract. He also told the union that "under no conditions would he sign a written contract." And he demanded the right to lay off without regard to seniority. The union struck on April 6, however, to enforce the severance pay provisions of the contract.

During negotiations Greenfield insisted that, instead of paying the minimum wage of thirty-eight dollars, he be allowed to pay "the going rate." Union negotiators asked, "What is the going rate?" The answer was, "What they pay at Klein's and Ohrbach's." What they pay at Klein's and Ohrbach's is a minimum of thirty and thirty-two dollars a week.

JOHN C. CORT,

How To Be A Foreigner

HENRY RAGO

IT'S a cliché that the only real travel is inward travel, and I don't mind a cliché if it's harmless, but this one isn't harmless until we grant something even more obvious. Shall I say it? I will: That there has to be some concrete place to begin with and to end with.

What I'm afraid of in travel books, particularly the sort that I keep running into, is sophistication; and maybe sophistication in the literal sense, that the visible place gets swallowed up in some desire of the mind. A travel book has got to be about places. If you love places and their peculiar air and their peculiar lights and sounds, you can't help wondering sometimes what the pale cast of thought has done to the plain, honest-to-goodness travel book which is first and finally about travel.

The travel "inside oneself" is all very well, and incapable as long as we carry our faculties with us, but if it's going to be the main subject it belongs to the lyric poem, or to that kind of modern novel which is really the lyric poem *manqué*. When it drives the more earth-bound travel book into scarcity (and the born travel writer rather likes the earth and even writes about it), I am driven to reading maps instead of books; or an early Baedeker, or the *Guide Michelin*, or anything else that has the cities really there with the distances between them plainly marked, and maybe some real hotels and restaurants, with some idea of the prices, if possible. Let me not mention such occupations as dire alternatives; they're exciting enough, and a good travel book will send you back to them anyway, if there's good reason why it doesn't send you to the country itself.

Let me make my point by taking it out on my own youthful enthusiasm for D. H. Lawrence, whom I find unreadable now, except in his poetry. His *Mornings in Mexico* is one sort of bad travel book; his *Sea and Sardinia* is the opposite sort. *Mexico* suffers from his famous capacity for "otherness:" he is lost in the place, and when something like that happens so completely, the place is really lost in him: he is lost, the place is lost, and everything goes up in a lyric vapor. A book can't be *about* a place, unless some care is taken to preserve communications; the radio apparatus has to be kept dry; the traveler has to keep remembering who he is and what he is there for; the whole expedition is a failure if he

surrenders himself completely and so loses the delicate sense of being a foreigner and an observer. It does no good to send a man to Mars if he can't get back to tell about it. *Sardinia* is at the other extreme. There Lawrence can't get out of himself at all. He is tangled with his "kitchenino," with Frieda's colds, and with his own priggishness; and the Sardinians leave him a little shaken. Apparently it is one thing to view the earth as a religion; it is another to see the earth as a fact. Of course, I'm talking about both these books as travel books; they still have their great moments for their own reasons—and even their marvels—but those reasons are not my business here.

At one end of the problem, then, the travel writer has to have taste and good sense; he preserves a stubborn sensibility throughout all his dealings with the unfamiliar; he survives the trip. At the other end, he is really interested in *places*.

The requirements translate nicely into integrity and sympathy. A traveler ought to know, first of all, that he is a traveler; that is to say, a foreigner. If he learns something about himself in the course of traveling—and inevitably he does—it is because he can see himself *against* the strange place. Homogenization will not do.

In that classic of travel books which Homer wrote, the point is that Ulysses really wants to get home. But this virtue is exactly what gives real meaning to the second virtue, sympathy; for sympathy is meaningless if the traveler is confused with the place, or vice versa. Both virtues are really the polarities of a single virtue, which is more easily indicated by example than by argument. And the example lies close at hand, in that extraordinary book by Sean O'Faolain, *A Summer in Italy*, published a few years ago, and now in its sequel, *An Autumn in Italy* [Devin-Adair. \$3.50].

DOING the job he does, Mr. O'Faolain can afford to say that "the people who stare out of carriage windows at night are the real travelers," and that the question one asks as he sets out to travel is always, "How different am I capable of being?" That question is not as simple as it looks; or so we feel when we've finished reading his two books on Italy. We want to tag on to it the difficult condition: "—and still remaining, somehow, myself." And even on to this, the condition that whatever is learned must be learned *through the place*; if I am to think, I am to think *through* the place, not simply on its occasion. But perhaps all this is just a way of saying that I've got to observe the place as deeply as possible.

And this is what Mr. O'Faolain does. His Italy has a wholesome concreteness; and it is thought through. If the *Summer*, which ranges over Northern Italy, catches the dazzle of Italian sunlight and the color of "fading murals, peeling plaster, and the exquisite del-

Mr. Rago contributes poetry and criticism to a number of literary periodicals. He teaches at the University of Chicago.

icacy of rotting pinks and corals," the *Autumn* achieves a more bleak and obdurate beauty by entangling its honesty with what he calls "the tough South." The new book takes him to Naples and its surrounding country, across the Apennines to Foggia, down along the Adriatic coast to Otranto, back across to Naples, by water to Sicily, and finally to Calabria. Some serious traveling, even without having to write about it.

"Cities are not museums," he told us in the first book. He is not among those who think the traffic ought to be cleared from the view of Giotto's tower, just to accommodate the tourists. In that temper he is one of the astonishingly few who have understood the strong masculine beauty of Florence, in the weight of its stone, as something more than pretty or as something not pretty at all. He also understands a colored architecture which it is easier to call exquisite and flower-like than to appreciate for its strength and uninhibited vigor. And so in the South, he knows that the Picturesque is a pleasant lie, but a lie; and that the real thing requires more looking than a travel poster does.

Calabria is a good test. It is enough in itself in its own starkness and its strange depths of Arab-Greek-Latin antiquity; but Mr. O'Faolain wants to get in the Coca-Cola signs as well, the ECA farm equipment, and the terrible urgency for land reform in all its details and figures. The integrity and the compassion that we began by demanding can now be seen together as a talent for the Difficult; and I think it is this talent that sends Mr. O'Faolain traveling through "God's lovely, real, cruel world." From the vantage-point of his new conquests he likes to speak of the more "creamy stuff" of the North (a libel, I would say) and to boast that except for a little trifling with the resorts in and around the Bay of Naples there'll be no cream on this trip.

But even in his last sampling of that cream, in Capri, he keeps his talent for the Difficult, if only by resisting the more simple moralizings of others:

Moralists sigh in vain over Capri. They may blame France—as usual invoking Rousseau—or they may blame America. Today in *Esprit* I read a long denunciation by Albert Beguin of the happiness principle of the United States and its effect on Europe, not unreasonably invoking and sighing over Rousseau. One has only to visit Pompeii, Tivoli, or Baia, to see where it all really began. . . . The sun, and wealth, and the curative springs, and the warm seas, and even Tiberius, I suppose, set the mode and the mode has become a model. Here we seek a brief glimpse of happiness. A mortal taste. At Capri prices. A little while, and then—next year.

Anyway, do moralists ever achieve anything? It is a wiser modern French poet, Pierre Emmanuel, who has said eloquently that it is not mor-

ality but immorality that brings us to God—the conflict with evil, the nausea, the finding ourselves face to face with ourselves, naked and ashamed and full of dear longings and stale disgust. "L'enfer est plat." Capri is not, though it leads nowhere, neither up nor down. It is an interlude, a pause, a little, lovely, silly place.

And when someone tells him that he ought to see the "real" Capri, he is difficult again: he smiles. He cannot pretend that the cream is not real. It has been quite real for him, and quite welcome.

For scruples like these, what is the "real" Naples? A celestial glimpse of blue upon blue? A running sore of poverty? Neither is the full account: but that famous vista is as "real" as anything else; and the poverty is not to be romanticized. Both are there, and not just side by side but combined, and combined with much else in a "jumble and tumble" where "everything . . . is part of everything else to a degree found nowhere else." But again we have to be Difficult: he does not rest with this jumble; he knows it, in slightly milder form, elsewhere in Italy as the contrast of extreme wealth with extreme poverty; and his reason, so nicely played by a devil in the riddling colloquy on the contrast between Past and Present that ends the *Summer*, now drives him deeper and deeper into the economic and political terms of this contrast, and he does not end until he can learn and report something about the possibility of reform.

THIS refusal of the easy makes for a story where otherwise there might only be a movement from place to place on a two-dimensional plane; or worse, an abandonment of the trip for the purpose of a textbook treatment of these questions. The hard way is to carry the questions along as part of the traveler's burden, and to allow them to work themselves out, *in terms of the journey*, toward whatever light is possible. It happens that Sean O'Faolain is an expert storyteller, and so he makes it a good story while he's at it. He gets us into a fine suspense in Sicily, with his Case of the Polite Cabby and his slow unfolding of the adaptations of Mafia tactics in some surprisingly new hands. And all along the way in the pursuit of the entire riddle, we have to find our answers by plunging with him through the unfamiliar—the very task of the good traveler—until we discover what we're looking for, or as much of it as we can understand.

He does the same thing in the *Summer* book, as he works toward his realization in Rome of the Italian sense of *enfranchisement* in the Church and so begins to understand the Italian boldness in thinking critically about Vatican politics. This has its own impact for an Irish Catholic: "The discovery was to alter my whole life." (The book tells how.) In the same book, and it

may be part of the same story, there are his puzzles in Torino over what seems to him too simple an intertwining of Catholicism with the pagan feeling for life. The persistence of these two threads in Italian life becomes a kind of plot which he must pursue in the only terms available to him: person, place, and thing.

"Reason" is no arbitrary choice as a devil: in this game, abstract reasoning is a form of cheating, unless it takes into account what is undeniably seen and undeniably felt in the landscape. This is why, after the brilliant arguments of Reason against the Italians, the Summer book ends in an impulse of the heart and the simple little sentence, "I was thinking that when next I go to Italy I will not think at all."

Well, the next time he goes, he can't help thinking; this gives us the Autumn book and takes us into the barest and oldest Italian earth; and the dialogue continues, on a number of the same themes and some varia-

tions. The point I am making is that there is an inner story here after all, but it can't be arbitrarily resolved any more than a novel can be; it must go its own way, through the expectations, disappointments, surprises, discoveries, and mystifications that make an honest travel book as unpredictable for the traveler as it is for the reader.

All this takes us dangerously near our first reflections on the rival claims of the traveler's head and the traveler's boots. But only to say again, and this time at a greater depth, that no amount of thinking will save wear and tear on the boots. So *An Autumn in Italy*, like its predecessor, is to be read and treasured primarily because it renders a country. It happens that that country is the loveliest and richest home the mind, heart, and senses of Western man have ever found; and that there is no better contemporary account of it than Sean O'Faolain's.

An Underground World of Hatred and Fear

APOSTLES OF DISCORD. By Ralph Lord Roy. Beacon. \$3.75.

By WILL HERBERG

ALTHOUGH (humanly speaking) it arises out of man's confrontation with the transcendent, religion is deeply embedded in the social context and enmeshed in all the complex and ambiguous interests of its environment. *Homo religiosus* is as much an abstraction as *homo economicus*, and the actual concrete human being who is a member of a church tends inevitably to make his religion the expression and vehicle of passions, prejudices, and purposes of the most diverse sort. In a way, it could not be otherwise, for religion, if deeply felt, naturally makes its claim upon all areas of life. Unfortunately, however, it is not always the faith one professes that defines and controls one's other concerns; only too frequently, it is some particular concern or allegiance of life—ethnic, economic, political, social, or cultural—that establishes its dominion and presses religion into its service. In such a heteronomous structure, religion is often no more than a sanctifying cover for an idolatrous concern that may easily get out of hand.

We are all subject to this peril, for all of us are prone to make of

our religion a certification and instrument of our purposes rather than a test of their validity and a judgment upon them. Yet there are degrees and differences. What is generally no more than a peril and temptation against which we must guard becomes in some cases quite uncontrollable and obsessive; when the passions and prejudices that religion is made to serve are themselves questionable, the results are doubly sinister.

We see this process at work today in South Africa, where an anti-Christian racialism operates—in good conscience, we must assume—under cover of a strait-laced Christian orthodoxy, and we can discern its effects also in the frightful story of anti-Semitism as well as in so many of the religious and "ideological" conflicts of history. When we look back upon this record, it is hard indeed not to exclaim with Lucretius: *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum*—"To so great evil could religion prompt men." We must remember, however, that it is not religion that prompts men to evil but evil that sometimes takes hold and makes use of religion.

We need not go to far places or distant times to see how religion can be corrupted and made the tool of evil. In our own time and in our

own country we can find examples enough to make us acutely uncomfortable and give us a disturbing sense of the "underworld" that lurks just beneath religion's decorous surface. The "underworld" is to be found associated with every religious community of the nation, Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish, nor are the secularists whose secularism has become for them in effect a counter-religion free from it; the spiritual roots are very much the same in all cases, however different the particular manifestation may be. In *Apostles of Discord* Ralph Lord Roy, himself a Protestant, turns the spotlight on the Protestant "underworld" and reveals something that should deeply disturb every Christian and every American.

Mr. Roy's purpose is clearly defined: "to bring to the reader a factual account of various groups and individuals, on the fringe of [American] Protestantism, which promote hate and disruption;" and this purpose he very competently fulfills. He is indeed well equipped for the task; he is an ordained Methodist minister with an obviously deep Christian concern, a recent student at Union Theological Seminary, an industrious researcher, and a man of restraint and moderation. His book is completely free from the frantic sen-

sationalism of most "exposés;" it is sober, responsible, and informative; such faults as it has are of an altogether different order and refer to the way in which Mr. Roy envisions his task rather than to how he has carried it out.

The first part of Mr. Roy's survey is entitled "The Ministry of Hate." It seeks to show how "promoters of racial and religious bigotry flagrantly exploit the Christian faith" for their purposes. The two themes are anti-Semitism and a "white supremacy" racialism directed against Negroes and other people of color. But there is also a rabid anti-Catholicism, which is frequently combined with the other two forms of hate-mongering. Even from Mr. Roy's mere factual account it is not difficult to see how ethnic, cultural, and social pressures and prejudices are fused in what emerges as a religious obsession. The various groups stress the theological aspects of their ideologies in various ways and to various degrees, but in almost every case the ideologies and movements are religious in character, associated with religious institutions, and justified in religious terms. For most of the people who take part in these movements, their motivation—their conscious motivation, at least—is as explicitly religious as is the motivation of those who take part in more creditable types of Christian activity. This fact must not be overlooked or ignored: incredible as it may seem, to hundreds of thousands of Christian Americans, anti-Semitism, Negro-hating, and Catholic-baiting appear to be legitimate and authentic forms of Christian social action.

The second part of Mr. Roy's study is concerned with the "apostles of disruption" as distinguished (though the distinction is not always possible) from the "apostles of hate," with whom the first part deals. These agents and agencies of the "ministry of disruption," as Mr. Roy presents them, are a heterogeneous collection: enemies of the Protestant ecumenical movement and the "saboteurs of Protestant cooperation;" the ultra-fundamentalist crusaders against "modernists" and "Reds"; Communist agents and fellow-travel-

ers operating in the Methodist, Episcopal, Unitarian, and other churches, as well as outside denominational lines; ultra-"conservative" extremists spreading a gospel of "libertarian" economics and chauvinistic, isolationist politics. It is not always easy to see on what principle some of these groups and personalities are included, except perhaps that their activities are adjudged by Mr. Roy to be "disruptive." He himself is uneasy about some of the inclusions, though he has his justifications and explanations at doubtful points. In any case, the second part does not display the unity that underlies the first section, and this fact is not without its wider significance.

There would be no point in trying to summarize Mr. Roy's findings, for nothing short of a recapitulation of his comprehensive factual record will do it justice. The familiar names and organizations are there, and others not so familiar but perhaps even more sinister. I will merely content myself with once more paying tribute to Mr. Roy's industriousness in research (no one who has not himself spent hours over the "crackpot" literature can appreciate what it means), to his accuracy and responsibility in presentation, and to the judiciousness that generally controls the few evaluations he permits himself. Having paid this tribute, I will go on to note briefly some doubts and questions raised by his work.

Mr. Roy states that his purpose from the beginning was merely a factual presentation and that he has deliberately avoided questions of analysis and interpretation. No one can quarrel with an author for writing the kind of book he has set himself to write and not another, and yet it seems to me that in thus limiting himself Mr. Roy has attempted the impossible. No "merely" factual presentation is conceivable; every presentation of the facts implies and involves a frame of reference in which the facts are given their intelligibility, and such frame of reference itself implies some measure of analysis and interpretation. Where analysis and interpretation are not undertaken in a systematic and conscious manner, they are not thereby

avoided; they are merely included unwittingly and uncritically. Mr. Roy has his categories of analysis and his criteria of interpretation, but because he does not make them explicit he is unable to examine and bring them into some kind of coherence. Had he done so, he would, I am persuaded, have become aware of a certain unclarity of focus, which reveals itself at various points of his narrative.

Why, for example, has Mr. Roy included *Spiritual Mobilization* and *Christian Economics* in the same section, "The Ministry of Disruption," in which he deals with Communist agents and fellow-travelers, as alike part of the "Protestant underworld" (the term is Mr. Roy's). From what he says we may gather that he does so because he feels that *Spiritual Mobilization* and *Christian Economics* promote "extremist right-wing" views in economics and politics where the Communists promote "extremist left-wing" views. It is the extremism of their views, apparently, and the methods they employ in promoting them, that warrant the inclusion of these movements in the "Protestant underworld."

If that is indeed the criterion underlying Mr. Roy's classification, then it must be said that he in effect misses the entire meaning of Communism and the source of its menace. For what makes Communists and Communist fellow-travelers in the churches, as elsewhere, so pernicious is not the "extremism" of their views—"views" are of merely secondary and instrumental significance in the Communist scheme of things—but the fact that these Communists and fellow-travelers are in actuality, whatever they may be in intention, agents of a Moscow-centered global conspiracy to subvert freedom and enslave mankind under totalitarian dictatorship. Otherwise, their "extremist" views would be merely a kind of heresy, which any free society would have to tolerate: Sidney Hook's distinction between "heresy" and "conspiracy" is a profoundly significant one, and one that Mr. Roy might have done well to adopt.

By no stretch of allegation can

Spiritual Mobilization and *Christian Economics* be held to be involved in a comparable conspiracy or program of disruption. Their fault, and it is a grave one, is that they do not hesitate to identify *laissez-faire* economics and ultra-nationalistic politics with Christian faith, so that the Sermon on the Mount becomes a vindication of unregulated capitalism and chauvinistic isolationism. This is, I repeat, a grave fault, for it corrupts Christianity and claims a false sanctity for a particular economic and social program, but if it is enough to justify inclusion in the "Protestant underworld," then many varieties of Christian socialism would also have to be included, for Christian socialism has also tended to identify the gospel of Christ with its own particular brand of economics and politics. Of course, Mr. Roy would not want to include Christian socialism in his "Protestant underworld" and he is right in his reluctance to do so; but then he has no business to include Spiritual Mobilization or *Christian Economics* either. You cannot simply relegate to the "underworld" groups whose views you happen to disapprove of simply because you disapprove of them, however justified your disapproval may be; something more is necessary if the procedure is not to be intolerably arbitrary.

I make this point not out of sympathy with the so-called "libertarian" tendency represented by Spiritual Mobilization and *Christian Economics*, for I regard this tendency as radically wrong in principle and mischievous in practice; I make this point primarily in order to illustrate a certain basic confusion in Mr. Roy's thinking, which he might perhaps have avoided had he made his presuppositions explicit. As it is, he frequently gives the impression that he does not quite know what it is that he is exposing and condemning to the "underworld." His factual presentation inevitably suffers from this unclarity.

It would have done Mr. Roy's book a lot of good, too, had he explored somewhat the broader aspects of his subject. American Catholicism has had its share of bigots and hate-mongers, its Coughlins and

its Terminiellos, and it has them today, but every observer knows that there is nothing in American Catholicism quite comparable to what Mr. Roy calls the "Protestant underworld." Even the briefest attempt to account for this difference in terms of the ethnic, cultural, social, ecclesiastical, and other factors involved, would have helped to bring Mr. Roy's story of fringe movements in Protestantism into clearer focus. So also would an inquiry, however limited, into the sociological setting of the activities Mr. Roy describes and an effort to assess the scope and charac-

ter of their influence. Nothing of the sort is attempted in this book.

My criticism, in other words, adds up to an insistence that even a factual account of so complex and many-faceted a phenomenon as this book deals with cannot be adequately given without going beyond the merely factual. Mr. Roy refuses to do this, and therefore his work, valuable as it is, remains on the surface and fails to reveal the full dimensions of the problem. It is to be hoped that a more far-reaching and deep-going study, building on Mr. Roy's achievement, will not be long in coming.

The Wealthy, Beautiful, and Lost

LOVE IS A BRIDGE. By Charles Bracelon Flood. Houghton, Mifflin. \$3.75.

By DORIS GRUMBACH

THE shade of Scott Fitzgerald seems to be stirring our younger novelists once more. Last year it moved John Phillips to a minor emulation, *The Second Happiest Day*, and now a new young man has written what must surely be considered a youthful approximation of the early Fitzgerald. Phillips and Charles Bracelon Flood are, of course, postwar writers too, and they are interested in the fates of sensitive and damned Ivy Leaguers, just as Fitzgerald was, but the difference lies both in their lack of success and in their ultimate interests.

This Side of Paradise almost stopped short at social description of a lively and gay-hearted sort; Phillips, and now Flood, try for a more incisive, vertical approach to the lives of the wealthy, beautiful and lost. Phillips managed to achieve a certain amount of accuracy, one supposes, in his transcriptions of conversations and backgrounds. His book is filled with documentary detail but he lacked the talent to make the experiences he described immediate and inevitable to the reader. *Love Is a Bridge*, on the other hand, possesses an almost surprising reality and vitality, but it fails when it probes for

deeper meanings. Its "message" is muffled in detail and, entertaining as it is, it is no substitute for a stronger potion.

Flood moves in exalted American social circles. His hero, Henry Cobb, is Harvard out of St. Mark's out of wealthy New York society, who marries the inevitable Boston socialite, has a son, goes to work as a research mathematician at M.I.T. The fatal flaw in his classic pattern is his total unpreparedness for responsibility, and he comes close to a serious breakdown. When he denies his wife a description of his complex mental miseries, she divorces him. His second marriage is an even greater failure, for this wife is a beautiful and neurotic widow, haunted by her love for a dead first husband. The only good to come of this misalliance for Henry is that he acquires, by default of an unloving mother, a sensitive young step-daughter. It is her future, and the future of his young son, that carries the narrative to its happy and almost too fortuitous conclusion.

There are a good many things to be said about a novel like this. One might point out that the author is only twenty-three and that to have written a book this good at such an age is rather a remarkable achievement. Then again Flood is a spokesman for a class and a way of life that has not too many serious

voices in its service. That his vision is a formalized and customary one—those who have suffer the same slings and arrows of inner struggle as the have-nots—is only to be expected. But a more serious defect is his style, which is both flat and lacking in even the primary colors of exciting narrative: Fitzgerald for all his flightiness could not write a dull sentence.

Another point that occurs to the critic with a certain amount of partisan interest is that Flood might well turn out to be a novelist in the Catholic tradition (one hesitates to use the unpopular phrase "Catholic novelist"). The most believable and moving part of his novel deals with the efforts of an honest Protestant step-father and grandfather to raise a young girl in the faith of her dead father, and the stumbling, inconclusive footsteps of the grandfather towards the acquisition of faith before his death: these matters are handled with skill and mature understanding.

All in all, criticism must yield before the positive virtues of this first novel. Flood writes characters which are always present to the reader in all their dimensions, and creates situations for them which have the power of propelling one from page to page. The reader sticks to his story, remembers his people, fails only when he tries to formulate wider meanings and to find an original outlook.

Pilgrimage

THE QUEST. By Elisabeth Langgaesser. Knopf. \$4.

By SERGE HUGHES

AFTER the fall of Berlin, seven pilgrims go to the monastery at Anastasiendorf in order to seek atonement. A converted Jewish couple who had forgotten to love; an actor who felt himself no longer capable of love; a wife despairing for her missing husband seeking to transform religion into magic; her brother who did not want to save a relative from the extermination center; a young woman, a member

of the German underground, who fell in love with a member of the medical staff of the extermination center. All persons leading peripheral existences, confiding in the momentum of life to carry them until they should find or make their center. Only one of the group did not originally belong or share in a similar guilt: a soldier on the way back from Russia, who, after failing to obliterate himself into some form of Nirvana, goes with the group to Anastasiendorf and stays the longest.

The monastery is directed by the Abbess Demetria, an exultant creature, reserved and wilful. She, too, is on a pilgrimage, and her quest for sanctity, like the pilgrims' quest for atonement, leads past long darknesses and piercing desolations, a voyage in which Father Mamertus, her counselor and friend, seeks to direct light on the dark places.

On the arrival of the seven at Anastasiendorf, the scene of the novel turns to Berlin and to two orphaned children, brother and sister, and the young priest who is searching for them and who makes every effort to save them from becoming criminals. He succeeds in part; the boy is saved, the girl killed. The last pages of the novel look still farther from the monastery, out to Russia, where people "have been seen bending over a cross on the earth and singing the thrice holy." The Russian people, like the guilty seven, are open to prayer and grace.

Guilt, expiation, atonement. The awesome doctrine of the resurrection of the flesh treated with Pauline insistence. Freedom and grace. Satan. Creation and its longing. The concepts spiral through these pages like light streaking darkness, darkness reechoing light, leaving all things touched, trembling, expectant and transformed. Small wonder that to many Christian and non-Christian readers these pages will appear impenetrable prose or misty philosophizing. These pages are not all clear. This is not the expected Christian vision. The air breathed here is too unfamiliar, it cannot be breathed easily. How heady scented is this Hebrew fantasy! What can the reader say, for example, to Albrecht Bei-

fuss, when he writes of the devils of the Western world, of the disguises they have used, of "their retirement into anonymity, into symbolic spirals which could also be used as the schematic diagram of an atom bomb, for example, and of its trajectory, which has been represented by numbers, by equations, by isomorphic figures that may embrace all possible meanings, for the precise meaning has never been agreed upon, but only the purely hypothetical formula."

Since the late Elizabeth Langgaesser's world is strange and familiar, disturbing, and since she was one of the finest poets of modern Germany; because she belonged to that Germany without which Europe is inconceivable; because her Christianity had been tempered and shaped in such time as the outsider can barely conceive of; her words are necessary. For some the doubt remains that her words are exotic playthings, not dazzling convictions. Let the reader decide for himself. But let him bide his time. These pages, with their dialogues on the mystery of grace, the resurrection of the body, the common guilt of all mankind and the eschatological meaning of the Jew in history, demand and merit persistent meditation.

Early Summer

THE FLOWER OF MAY. By Kate O'Brien. Harper. \$3.75.

By SISTER MARIELLA GABLE

YOUTH emerging into full awareness of life is the theme Kate O'Brien has selected for her current novel, *The Flower of May*. In it she realizes with new ease that maturity of craftsmanship which readers of her work have come to expect from one of Ireland's most distinguished novelists.

The Flower of May opens in the spring of 1906 with the Dublin wedding of beautiful Lilian Morrow. But this is not Lilian's story. It is the story of her eighteen-year-old sister, Fanny, who has not been permitted to return to her convent

boarding school in Belgium after the Christmas holiday. The Morrrows need the money to purchase a suitable trousseau for Lilian. Fanny suffers sharply, however, for she is attached with adolescent exaggeration of devotion to one Lucille de Mellin at her convent school. However, the de Mellins, who are fabulously wealthy, invite Fanny to spend the summer with them in Italy. Fanny and Lucille adore Venice. Their approach to the art of the past underlines the nourishment that culture gave to the intelligent young in the first decade of the twentieth century.

Participating in the sightseeing are Lucille's two brothers, the young Patrice, who worships Fanny after his own pattern of courtly love, and the worldly André, who pursues Fanny with delicate *savoir faire*, entirely undeterred by the fact that he has seduced Fanny's sister, Lilian, during the very first weeks of her marriage to Joseph O'Connor.

At the end of summer Fanny returns to Dublin to see her mother die. Death is explored with full

awareness on the natural level. Though the author of the book and all the main characters are Catholic, the perception of supernatural values is strikingly absent. In fact, Fanny is described as being without faith in spite of her recent emergence from a convent boarding school. Natural strength of character, however, is folded tight in the bud of her girlhood. In the closing scene, where Fanny blackmails André in order to save her sister, Lilian, the flower lies wide open exposing the depths of a mysterious center. Bud or blossom, Fanny is entirely lovable. In savoring vicariously her emotional coming of age the reader tastes the elixir of youth.

Yet the book is much more than its main theme. The minor characters are as vital in their places as are Falstaff and Polonius. Everyone, from the doughty old Mère Générale at Place des Ormes to the three cats, Belladonna, Iago and Teresa, is brilliantly individualized. But even more satisfying is the degree to which is realized the unprovincial and European society of the upper bourgeoisie

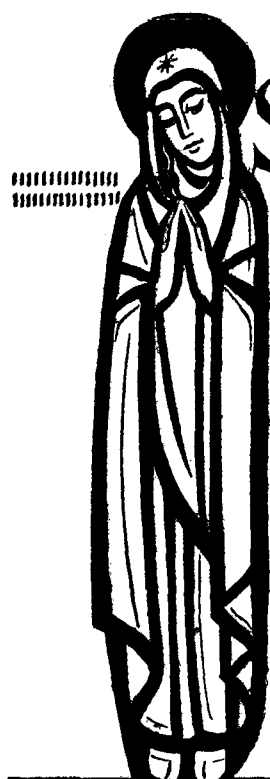
in Ireland and Belgium. Into that society drives the Mercedes with its outrageous speed of thirty miles an hour and the zeal of its driver to convert the world to the combustion engine. Readers in the present, which has already been converted not only to the combustion engine but also to the amazement of facing atomic energy, look back with nostalgia to this Edwardian summertime. Kate O'Brien has distilled its essence with sympathy, beauty, and distinction.

Science and Faith

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE. By Alexis Carrel. Translated from the French by Antonia White. Hawthorn Books. \$3.

By PIERRE CONWAY

MODERN emancipated man, Alexis Carrel wrote, "is by no means comparable to an eagle soaring in the immensity of the sky. He far more closely resembles a dog escaped from its kennel and dashing



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hither and thither among the traffic. He can indeed, like the dog, do exactly as he pleases and go wherever he wants. He is none the less lost because he does not know where to go or how to protect himself from the dangers which surround him." What has happened, and what is to be done? It is as a scientist that Dr. Carrel looks at these questions and at man in *Reflections on Life*. However, it is not as a specialist—a caste about which Carrel was diffident. Man, as propounded in *Reflections on Life*, must be studied as a whole, as a composite of matter and spirit. To this end he must be studied in terms which will embrace his every aspect, from his liver to his artistic inspiration, since all of his aspects are interactive.

The defeat of France, and the Vichy Government's appeal to Carrel (voluntarily returned from the United States) to propose some systematic re-education by which France could be got back on her feet, prompted this work, originally to have been called *Conduct of Life*, and now, under its present title, published posthumously by his wife. It corresponds to Carrel's lifelong devotion to the stabilization of modern man.

The tone of the book, obviously written while France still lay occupied, is stoic, in the nature of a pitiless examination of conscience, with the call to tighten one's belt or perish. Carrel's exposition of the causes of decay is mordant and penetrating, centering about man's substitution of the love of profit and self-indulgence, since the Renaissance and the Age of Enlightenment, for the love of God and neighbor. He pitilessly traces the lineaments of this decay: addiction to alcohol, movies, radio, sexual excesses, children seen as "a nuisance if not a calamity," total neglect of all spiritual values, avarice, jealousy.

The remedy? The "non-conformists," those who refuse to swim with the tide, who think for themselves, who do not quail before self-discipline and fearless self-examination, must band together. Gradually they must re-educate the young, not alone in sterile intellectual disciplines, but also physiologically, and

above all, morally—in a word, for life, as science reveals life's immutable, inexorable laws. Women, especially, must be educated for their crucial role in the family and in the future of the species. (Carrel's regimen sometimes is reminiscent of the Platonic education of warriors. The insurance of a good strain would receive State encouragement, while defective strains would be left to disappear as gracefully as possible.)

Is Dr. Carrel thinking in terms of a test-tube society? Far from it. No one better appreciates the hero, the saint, the mystic. His aim is not to dehumanize man, but to make him truly human. No one recognizes more discerningly that it is the spark of the divine which lends humanity all its grandeur. "The birth of St. Paul was an even more exceptional event than the birth of Newton or Pasteur." The need for prayer is sternly stressed, the miracles of Lourdes acknowledged. The Catholic Church is singled out as having done most in furthering man's spiritual destiny.

What would distinguish Alexis Carrel from St. Thomas Aquinas, whom he frequently mentions? It is simply this: Carrel's is a book of science coming to the rescue of faith, when it is possibly faith should be coming to the rescue of science. Carrel was a man of his age, as Aquinas was of his. Consequently, he measures all things from the reference point of contemporary science. What that science has not yet observed, no matter how lofty or desirable, remains, at least for now, beyond the realm of reason. This is the realm of love, art, religion.

It is a fatal weakness, for in terms of cogency, no amount of veneration compensates for the fact of these things being placed beyond the realm of reason. Yet science was not always thus. It has been so only since Kant arbitrarily reduced its scope to the realm of the sensibly observable and measurable, and man's knowledge to that science. But need one make an act of faith in the insight of Kant? For St. Thomas Aquinas, the upward march from sensible effect to cause was to be arrested by no man-made limits. It led where it would. If the material

could only be explained by the immaterial, one faced that explanation. Meanwhile, the whole was guaranteed by a faith which must at all times successfully vindicate its reasonableness. In the light of that faith, man was seen as a being who, despite his theoretical possibilities, could not possibly succeed without the strength of divine grace.

The outlooks of Dr. Carrel and St. Thomas are similarly unflinching, their spirits congenial. But the one begins from an arbitrarily limited, man-made framework in terms of which faith simply does not deign to be assessed. The other begins from a coherent, all-embracing rational faith, in which to every human discovery there is reserved a real, if not noticeably earth-shaking, place. Carrel stresses that the laws of nature are paramount and immutable.

It is precisely because nature is not destined to be thwarted, because man's reason moves by its very nature from effect to highest cause, that St. Thomas teaches that man

is destined to find the answer in that beatific vision which Dr. Carrel holds as the instinctive goal of man. Such is the unconscious harmony of the two men.

It is with some confidence that one reads of what contemporary science actually knows and does not know concerning such matters as evolution, heredity, mind and brain, glands, emotions, etc., when propounded by a man as rigorously objective and unprejudiced as Carrel. His probing of modern *mores*, too, is as fascinating as it is unflattering. Perhaps the greatest compliment one could pay him would be to speculate that if he had to choose between faith in science which, if rigorously adhered to, would theoretically bring about a golden age, and faith in a religion relying upon grace, containing no promises of an earthly millenium, but rather, serene before any eventuality, we feel that he would, even if reluctantly, choose the latter. For if science sees man as he might be, the Gospel sees man as he is—and will be.

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REVIEWERS

Will Herberg, author of *Judaism and Modern Man*, is a frequent contributor to *The Commonwealth*, *Commentary*, and other publications.

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Msgr. John A. Ryan of the Catholic University and the N.C.W.C. Social Action Department, early champion of the rights of the American workingman, was one of *The Commonwealth's* most assiduous contributors. His first article, in 1925, dealt with settling the European war debts on generous terms; his last, in 1944, was a ringing defense of political democracy as a means of attaining the common good.

In that interval Msgr. Ryan discussed in these pages such topics as: Italian Fascism, Church and State, Civil Liberties, Immigration Policy, the Eighteenth Amendment, Unemployment, William Jennings Bryan, the Depression, High Wages, Irish Land Annuities, the NRA, Anti-Semitism and Father Coughlin, and the Hitler Menace. He also reviewed many books. In all Msgr. Ryan contributed some forty articles and fifty book reviews.

In his last *Commonweal* article Msgr. Ryan summed up one of his life-long convictions: "Improvement in the economic condition of workers must be brought about to a great extent by the activities of government; what kind of government can most justly and effectively attain this end? Both history and human nature provide overwhelming proofs that social justice for the working class, and for the masses of the people generally, demands a regime of political democracy. . . . The labor and social legislation of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries has been mainly due to the enfranchisement of the masses."

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